

457 I Greet Thee, Who My Sure Redeemer Art

TOULON 10.10.10.10

Attr. John Calvin

French Psalter, Strassburg, 1545

Trans. Elizabeth Lee Smith, 1868

Adapt. from Genevan 124

Genevan Psalter, 1551

1. I greet Thee, who my sure Re - deem - er art,
 2. Thou art the King of mer - cy and of grace,
 3. Thou art the life, by which a - lone we live,
 4. Thou hast the true and per - fect gen - tle - ness,
 5. Our hope is in no oth - er save in Thee;

My on - ly trust and Sav - ior of my heart,
 Reign - ing om - nip - o - tent in ev - ery place;
 And all our sub - stance and our strength re - ceive;
 No harsh - ness hast Thou and no bit - ter - ness;
 Our faith is built up - on Thy prom - ise free;

Who pain didst un - der - go for my poor sake;
 So come, O King, and our whole be - ing sway;
 Sus - tain us by Thy faith and by Thy power,
 O grant to us the grace we find in Thee,
 Lord, give us peace, and make us calm and sure,

I pray Thee from our hearts all cares to take.
 Shine on us with the light of Thy pure day.
 And give us strength in ev - ery try - ing hour.
 that we may dwell in per - fect u - ni - ty.
 That in Thy strength we ev - er - more en - dure.

Ancient Irish poem
 Trans. Mary E. Byrne, 1905
 Vers. Eleanor Hull, 1912; alt.

Irish ballad
 Harm. David Evans, 1927

1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise,
 3. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word;

Nought be all else to me, save that Thou art—
 Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
 I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
 Great God of heav - en, my trea - sure Thou art.
 Still be my vi - sion. O Rul - er of all.

551 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR 7.7.7.7 D

Henry Alford, 1844; alt.

George Job Elvey, 1859

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to God's praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take the har - vest home;
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To Thy fi - nal har - vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
 From each field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way;
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
 Give the an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide:

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In God's gar - ner ev - er - more.
 Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest home.